

# The Sentinel

A GOOD PAPER IN A GOOD TOWN  
BY E. W. YOUNG.

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A war echo is an order just received by a Springfield planing mill for a million tent pins.

Did you ever see a newspaper facing forwards and backwards at the same time? Coos county has one.

Uncle Sam says that with his price regulating system now in working order flour ought to be \$3 a barrel cheaper.

After all the good words said for tact and the praise bestowed on "tactical" people it gives us a shock to hear tact defined as "Hypocrisy dressed in Sunday clothes."

The proposition to increase the wheat acreage of Oregon 40 per cent is commendable. When a crop is a partial failure, as wheat was here this year, it's a good rule to plant heavily the next year.

Hon. Frank B. Tichenor, of Port Orford, has lost out as a candidate for United States Marshal for Oregon. George F. Alexander, of Portland, Senator Chamberlain's candidate, having received the appointment.

The agricultural departments advice to can carrots doesn't apply in this section of Oregon. They keep better in the garden in a country like this where the ground doesn't freeze. So it is with beets, parsnips, salsify, cabbage and cauliflower.

While the Sentinel has frequently disagreed with Congressman Hawley about public questions, it certainly will not question his patriotism or devotion to his country's cause. Two of his sons, Cecil and Kenneth, are with the army in France.

Last Saturday was the last day for making whiskey to drink in this country so long as the war lasts. The price will steadily rise as a result—and so will the profits of bootleggers if they can find men enough willing to pay war prices for booze.

Three billion more of Liberty Loan Bonds are going to be offered this fall, and everybody who can save the money must feel that it is a patriotic duty to buy them. They will probably be taxable and bear 4 1/2 per cent instead of 3 1/2 as the first installment sold early in the summer did.

Like the coon caught robbing the hen roost, Sweden is profuse with promises not to do it again. That she violated her pretended neutrality by allowing her foreign office to be used by German ministers to send messages plotting against the countries in which they were stationed, as was the case in Argentina, is due to the fact that her royalty is strenuously pro-German and her Queen a cousin of the Kaiser.

The spring wheat crop is what saved the day in the United States this year. It was 91,855,000 bushels greater than last year while the winter wheat crop was 64,897,000 bushels less. So our total crop of 667,847,000 bushels this year shows a net gain of 27,461,000 bushels over last year's 639,886,000. This year's crop would be an abundance for our ordinary needs and our usual exports, but we have got to buckle up and save in order to keep our allies well fed, and perhaps have something to spare for the neutrals who can't feed themselves.

The writer of these lines is old enough to remember the "On to Richmond" head lines of the daily papers in the sixties of the last century. Richmond was the capital and heart of the southern confederacy and it

was the prize for which the soldiers of the Union army fought for four long and bloody years. When it was taken the "Confederate States of America" collapsed and the Union again became one and indivisible. The war cry of our soldier boys now is "On to Berlin," and they will go there too, unless Germany give up before they arrive.

Possible peace terms are coming to be very widely discussed now, and it looks as if there might be more peace news than war news in a little while. Germany is said to be making very different proposals from those she last talked about. It is even said she is willing to get out of the territory she has been occupying in Belgium and France, Serbia and Roumania, if England will pay her enough for the German colonies she has taken to furnish the money for indemnities to pay for the havoc she has wrought. That is certainly getting down off the high horse, and if these reports prove to be well founded it would look as if Germany is really trying to make terms that will satisfy the Allies.

### THE PRESIDENT'S PRAYER.

President Wilson's parting blessing upon the National army was simple and sincere. "God keep and guide you," were his words. So Lincoln could have spoken on some mighty day. The first half of the prayer is from the Seventeenth Psalm, one of the most touchingly beautiful in the Bible. "Show me thy marvellous loving kindness," prays David; "keep me as the apple of thine eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wings."

The second half is from the Seventy-third Psalm, "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel." In utter humility the sacred poet goes on to confess, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

It was not in vainglory and worldly pride that the president prayed over the departing soldiers, but with a son-trite heart. He sends them forth to fight a good fight and prays the God of all goodness to have them in his keeping. "Let the high praises of God be a two-edged sword in their hands to bind the kigs with chains and the nobles with fetters of iron."—Oregon Journal.

### THEY ARE SIMPLY TRAITORS.

That the I. W. W. are the nest of traitors we have always believed, as made clear by the following dispatch recently sent out from Washington:

Reports and disclosures made to officials here in connection with the seizures, Wednesday, of Industrial Workers of the World documents throughout the country, indicate that there has existed for some time a nation-wide conspiracy to hamper the government in almost every conceivable way so as to prevent the proper carrying on of the war. Opposition to the draft law, the burning of crops, some of the so-called labor disturbances and other demonstrations were but a part of the attempt made to curtail the production in war industries. Reports at hand indicate that all of these activities were but part of he same alleged conspiracy, whose prime motive is thought to be that of crippling the government in every way possible outside of military and naval operations. The Grand jury at Chicago has undertaken an investigation, and other grand juries will also take up the work. Burning of wheat fields and attempts to set fire to spruce forests in the northwest are believed to be another phase of this general conspiracy to hinder successful prosecution of the war.

### WE LIVE IN A WONDERFUL ERA.

During his three score years and ten the writer has seen much of history in the making but the present European conflict which has drawn into its maelstrom the inhabitants of the whole earth, either directly or indirectly, is on so much vaster and grander scale than anything ever before staged on this planet that we are following its story, so far as we get it night after night in the daily press, with the most absorbing interest. Some new feature—something entirely unexpected develops almost every day.

And how the scenes shift, making any moving picture ever seen grow tame by comparison. Something is always doing on the western front "somewhere in France" where the two mightiest armies ever assembled on earth are at a death grip—millions of them on each side. Then it is the crazy quilt of Petrograd, the Argentine, the traitors in our own country, the deadly duel between the Italians and the Austrians among the mountain passes of the maritime Alps, the raid of a fleet of airships on the English coast, the gathering of hundreds of thousands of our own best blood in immense camps in the east, or the attacks of these scorpions of the sea, German U-boats, on our transports that pass before us in a panorama such as no inhabitant of earth would have imagined even in his wildest dreams before this cataclysm overtook

the human race. The end? When or how it will come? It is entirely useless to speculate. The only thing to be certain about is the uncertainty of it all. Shakespeare was even more prophetic than historic when he makes one of his characters say: "It's a mad world, my masters."

### ANOTHER LIBERTY LOAN DRIVE

Secretary McAdoo of the Treasury has issued a statement that the campaign to sell the second issue of Liberty Loan Bonds will close on the first of November, 1917, and the active campaign will begin not later than a month before that date.

The Secretary explains that details of the second loan cannot be given out until final action has been taken by Congress upon the war bond bill now pending but announces that as soon as a new law has been passed the details will be given out.

The Secretary expresses a hope that all existing Liberty Loan committees will perfect their organizations and new organizations be effected in readiness for the next campaign.

As in the first campaign, the campaign in each Federal Reserve District will be under the supervision of the Federal Reserve Bank, which will act as the fiscal agent of the Government.

### HIS PREDICTION FULFILLED.

Twenty-nine years ago Harold Frederic, the novelist, read in the face of the young Crown Prince—now Emperor William of Germany—the blood-lust that all the world knows today. William was only thirty years old when Mr. Frederic, then the Berlin correspondent of the New York Times, wrote of him:

"All Europe, with its thousand sons of royal houses, does not present another such regal figure. The Kaiser who is dead and the Kaiser who is dying have by their photographs familiarized all the civilized world with two striking and splendid physical ideas of a soldier who looked every inch a king. But each gained much by the effects of beard, of lines of care in the face, and of imposing corporal bulk. They were impressive in the sense of a shaggy, deep-chested boarder. This young man suggests, in stead, the notion of a perfectly bred sleuth-hound, under whose smooth, delicately soft coat lie the muscles of steel, and in whose mouth—sinister legacy of nature—is the inherent taste of human blood. Not that his face is sullen or savage in its expression.

One shudders as one pats the mild, contemplative head of the bloodhound solely because of the stories that have been told of the terrific ferocity which lurks under the sleek and gentle exterior. In the same way you look into the face of this young heir of the Hohenzollerns and remember with wondering reservations the malignant tales which have been told of his inner nature by those who knew it best.

Apparently all the women—at least the Englishwomen—who have had to do with the bringing up of Prince William hold him in horror and detestation. I have had numerous proofs of this, although I have never been able to fasten upon any specific reasons for it. Their dislike for him is based on a general conception of his character. Their view is that he is utterly cold, entirely selfish, wantonly cruel; a young man without conscience or compassion, or any softening virtues whatever.

That he has great abilities they all admit, but they stop there. Heart he has none, upon their reckoning. And I am bound to say that if you look into his face with this preconceived notion of the young man's character you can find plenty of signs which seem to substantiate it.

Nobody with eyes in his head could have passed the week just ended in Berlin without recognizing that if a firebrand comes to the throne the materials are close-crowded upon him for a terrible conflagration. Although the great bulk of the military visitors who thronged to the funeral have gone home again or back to their posts, I still have the sensation of being a lonesome civilian in the center of a gigantic armed camp. Even now, when I go down-stairs in this hotel one-half of the men at the tables are officers in uniform. The elevator boy touches his cap to me with a military salute. The waiters, when they receive my order, turn on their heels like fusiliers under the eye of a drill-sergeant.

The military spirit pervades everything and everybody.

What this means is that the army here in Germany will utterly swamp what organized pacific instincts there are in the empire the moment a young fighting Kaiser draws his sword and cries out: "Who will follow me?" The fact of the existence of Bismarck's colossal army will magnify itself in the popular mind; the spirit in which he built it up, the peaceful intent, the patriotic aim, will all vanish like steam in a lamp-chimney. The Iron Chancellor has done mar-

vels toward creating a manufacturing, trading, money-making Germany, with new great vested interests in peace and a new large business class whose concern is to promote commerce and preserve quiet. But to do this he has had side by side to create a much more numerous and important class whose profession is to fight and whose entire material concern it is to promote warfare and to open a swift current of promotion and honor. This second class—this military class—is all-powerful in all the upper, middle, and higher grades of society. Little of provocation, of the popular appeals to national feeling, would make it master of nine-tenths of the German people.

Kaiser William II., in the glamour of his youthful distinction of face and figure, of his deep Teutonic prejudices, of his all-controlling belief in himself and his race, and his destiny, could hurl a practically united Germany east, west, or south a month after he had ascended the Hohenzollern throne. The whole German nation from Basle to Konigsburg, would rise to his enthusiastic support. Every young man from Thorn to Coblenz would burn to ride with him for conquest and glory.

This is not a pleasant or humane conclusion, but it is a necessary one. The lesson taught by Prussia's success—by the rise of the Hohenzollern dynasty—is an object lesson in blood and iron which has not been lost on any German mind. Every youth, from the humblest field-laborer in Thuringia to the Crown Prince who waits upon the door—all of imperial power, has that lesson ingrained in every fiber of his being. That is why this young heir to the German imperial dignity has seemed to me better worth studying than anything else in Berlin.

### A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW.

Jack Lait, the famous newspaper writer, aged 35, says that he can remember when street cars were pulled by horses, when telephones were rare novelties, when an airship was a crazy man's proof that he was crazy, when a submarine was a dime novel dreamer's delirium, when wireless telegraphy couldn't be, when appendicitis was acute indigestion, when ladies wore bustles, when Ford hadn't even begun to construct an automobile or no one else with any hope of making it run, when a big part of the west was lined off in territories, when there were no moving pictures, when there were no phonographs, when men wore beards, and when eggs sold for twelve cents a dozen. When we look back less than 35 years and scan the progress that the world has made in that time, we wonder what it will be like 35 years hence.—Corvallis Courier.

Only 37 years ago the Sentinel scribe remembers seeing millions of eggs sold for 5 cents a dozen in central Illinois, and butter which now costs us about a dollar a roll went for from 15 to 20 cents a pound then. So when we went to California in the early ninties and had to pay 60 cents a roll, it struck us as the limit of high prices, even though we used to sell it on the farm on Long Island fifty years ago for 80 cents a pound and upward and some fancy dairies in Orange county, New York, and the neighborhood of Philadelphia, got a dollar a pound—At the same time our wheat was selling for \$3 a bushel and hay for \$35 a ton at our market town. Still the highest prices then were in paper money of which it took \$2.85 to buy a gold dollar. The civil war then was followed by good times for everybody, but getting down to specie payment in the late seventies gave us a hard jolt. And then in the early nineties in Kansas we saw dressed pork selling for \$2 a hundred. That was along about the times that 12 1/2 cent corn was cheaper fuel than coal in western Kansas.

### DOUBLY PROVEN.


Coquille Readers Can No Longer Doubt the Evidence.

This grateful citizen testified long ago.

Told of quick relief—of undoubted benefit. The facts are now confirmed. Such testimony is complete—the evidence conclusive. It forms convincing proof of merit. Mrs. S. Y. Abbott, Seventh & Oak Sts., Eugene, Ore., says: "Last winter I was taken down with a bad spell of kidney complaint. I couldn't attend to anything. My back was so weak and lame that I could hardly move without pain. I didn't get a bit of benefit from the medicine I used until I began taking Doan's Kidney-Pills. The pain and weakness left me, my kidneys were strengthened and I became well." (Statement given February 9, 1906.)

DOAN'S ALWAYS RELIABLE  
On March 29, 1916, Mrs. Abbott said: "I still hold as high an opinion of Doan's Kidney Pills as when I recommended them several years ago. I am always relieved of backache and kidney disorders when I take them." Price 60c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Abbott has twice publicly recommended. Foster-Milburn Company, Props., Buffalo, N. Y.


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